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The Evening World.
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THE RIGHT MAN.

IN SELECTING former Supreme Court Justice Charles Evans Hughes to aid Attorney General Gregory in the aircraft inquiry, President Wilson has made a choice which the entire Nation will recognize as at once discriminating, broad-minded and in every way admirable.

The President sets another timely example in showing how trivial at this period ought to seem party lines and political labels when it is a question of securing for the country the services of the right man in the right place.

Mr. Hughes's exceptional qualifications for any service calling for a careful, experienced, judicious investigator are by now as well known to the whole United States as they are to this commonwealth.

The importance of the aircraft investigation has been sufficiently impressed upon Americans by their realization of the imperative need of aircraft production on the biggest scale. No shred of doubt or scandal must be left to clog this part of the Nation's war activity.

Mr. Hughes is just the man to make short work of the debris.

PUTTING ON THE SCREWS.

A FAIR SAMPLE of a kind of pressure New York landlords are bringing to bear upon rent payers this spring may be found in the following two letters referred to The Evening World by an apartment house tenant who writes commending this newspaper's campaign to put a stop to profiteering in rents:

I.

Landlord to Tenant. April 1, 1918.

Dear Sir:

The lease of the apartment occupied by you in our ——— buildings expires on September 30th next. We are writing now to ascertain if you desire to renew your lease and request that you advise us not later than April 30 next.

It is hardly necessary to call your attention to the enormous increase that has taken place, in the past year, in the cost of everything that goes into the operation of an apartment house. In running our buildings we have done our best to keep our tenants comfortable, even at a great sacrifice in order to obtain coal. The cost of every item of operation, including coal, taxes, wages and repairs, has advanced so that it is impossible to continue the old schedule of rents.

In order to help meet these extraordinary expenses and to enable us to maintain our property properly and keep our tenants comfortable, we are going to advance the rent of every apartment over the schedule that went into effect last year. We enclose herewith a printed copy of the new schedule and sincerely trust to hear from you before May 1st advising us that you are going to renew your lease.

Yours very truly,

II.

Same landlord to same Tenant. May 1, 1918.

Dear Sir:

On April 1st we wrote you calling your attention to the fact that the lease of your apartment expires on September 30th next. We sent you our new rent schedule and asked you to let us know before April 30th whether or not you wished to renew your lease.

We have not heard from you and write now to say that we have decided that the rents for new tenants will be 5 per cent. more than shown on the enclosed schedule, and that old tenants who have not renewed their leases before May 15th will be treated the same as new tenants and asked to pay 5 per cent. more than the enclosed schedule.

Therefore if you desire to renew your lease at the schedule enclosed herewith, we shall expect to hear from you definitely before May 15th renewing same.

Yours very truly,

In other words, old tenants are to be prodded, if possible, into signing new leases at higher rents two months earlier than the usual renewal time—which, for leases dated from Oct. 1, has been July—by the threat of a double raise!

Are these a kind of tactics calculated to convince tenants that the landlord is only planning how he may share equitably with them his increased burdens?

On the contrary it is the surest way to convince rent payers that the landlord, taking advantage of the rising cost of everything, is out to secure an extra good thing for himself next year—and secure it early.

SALVATION ARMY WAR AID.

DON'T FORGET the Salvation Army War Fund this week.

Four hundred thousand small givers have helped along the drive. Before Saturday some of the big cheques ought to come in to give this great and worthy war aid the backing it deserves.

No organization in the world has had more experience in getting at the hearts and souls of men and bringing comfort and hope into the hard places where they are most needed.

The kind of religion the Salvation Army takes to the front is the biggest kind of all. It gives much, asks little, insists on no faith but that of human helpfulness.

The Salvationists, as Commander Evangeline Booth puts it, aim to "form a human bond of sympathy between tens of thousands of fighting men over there and the loved ones over here."

Help these unselfish workers with the dollars they ask to aid others.

Before the end of the week their fund should be the larger by round sums from the wealth of New York.

Hits From Sharp Wits

In spite of the fact that wisdom comes with years, most of us hate to grow old.—Philadelphia Record.

* * *

Mrs. Muggins—"Do you suppose Mr. and Mrs. Fiatdweller have a skeleton in the closet?" Mrs. Buggins—"Judging from the size of their apartment I don't think they even have a closet."—Philadelphia Record.

* * *

Want to knowing when to grasp an opportunity the most important thing to know is when to let go.—Chicago News.

* * *

Having buried the Kaiser under Liberty Bonds, now let us erect a tombstone over him of Thrift Stamps.—Baltimore American.

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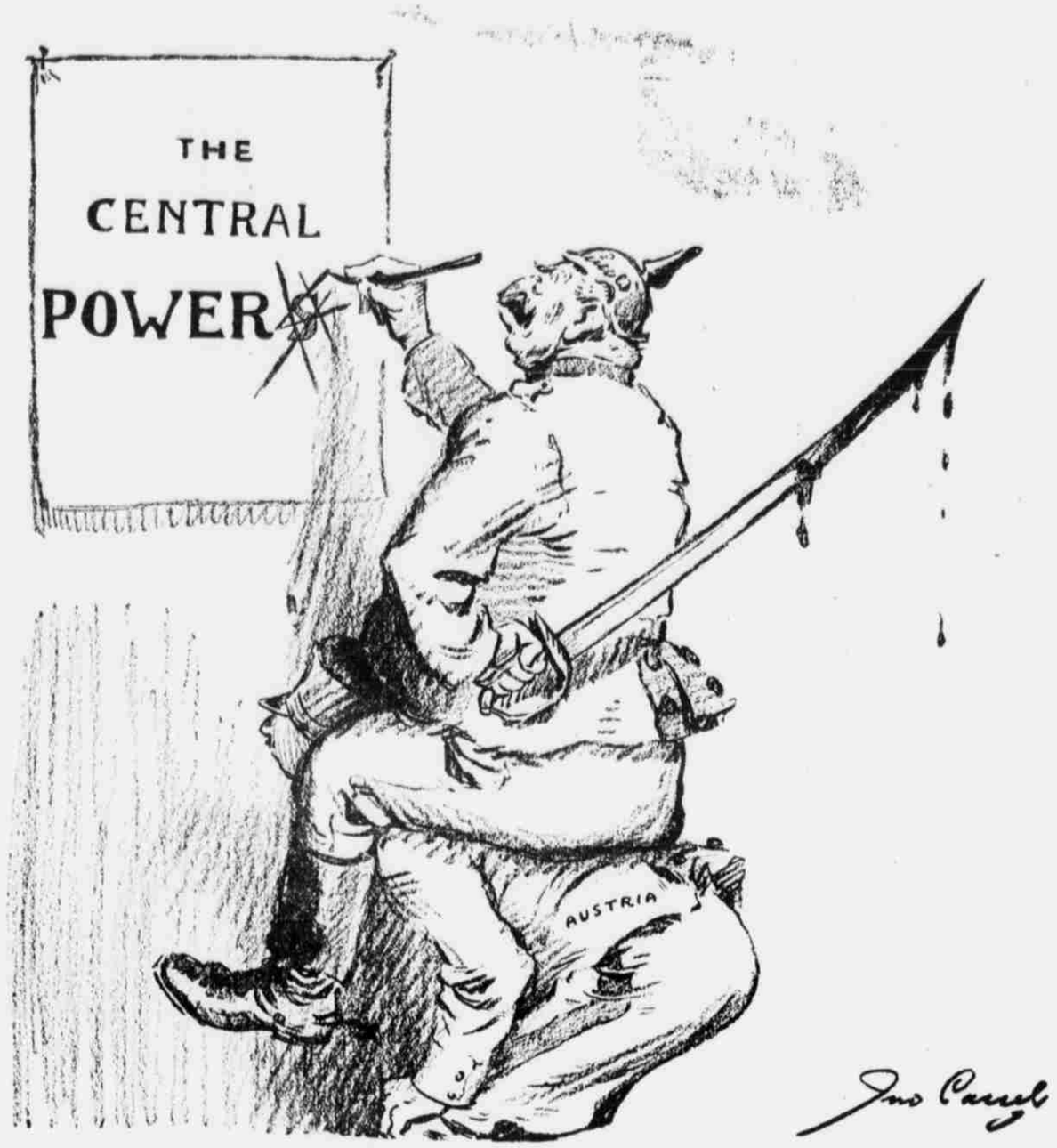
Skirts are getting shorter as the girls are outgrowing them.—Toledo Blade.

One's Enough!

By J. H. Cassel



When Second Love Is Best

By Sophie Irene Loeb

A WOMAN writes to me as follows: "When I was a girl I met a young man. We went out together often. I believe he thought a great deal of me. At least he let me think so. We went together for a long time, and the neighbors began to talk about me as they do in a small town, and thought we would soon be getting married, when, to my astonishment, he married another girl. He never asked me to marry him, but he always talked as though I would.

"Well, you can imagine how I felt, and I worried and thought about it so long that I really got sick. But I am thankful it happened as it did, for I got a much better man, and every time I think of it I say: 'Well, it is a good thing I did not get the offer.'"

And there are many, many like this. I know a young girl who fell in love with a man, a writer. He seemed to return her affection, although he had never asked her to marry him, always putting forth the suggestion that he was "unworthy" of her, and the more unattainable he seemed the more she became infatuated.

He was called to do war work in Europe. The girl grieved until she was almost sick over it. She finally secured a means of doing work on the other side, too, and followed him. Of course, she went for the main purpose of being near him. When she arrived, although he treated her with some indifference, yet on occasions he appeared glad that she was there.

Also she saw him in another light. He was frivolous, and had several girl friends to whom he paid equal attention. She saw that he fell short of the great ideal she had made of him. She could not help seeing his shortcomings and her feeling for him were changed to a degree.

A little while ago the girl returned and on the ship she met another man who interested her very much, but always she thought that no one could take the place of that first love that seemed strongly intrenched in her heart.

Not long after she returned, the first man was hurt in a hospital. He began to reflect. He thought about all his friends. He found that he loved this girl better than all the others, and wrote her accordingly. He begged her to marry him and to come at once to him. And the remarkable part of the thing was that when she knew she could have him, the fact that he had not measured up weighed against him, and she found she did not really want him.

The second man, who is a better man in every way, had taken his place and is going to marry her. She realizes now that if she had married the other man she would have been miserable. Both of these cases should be good lessons to girls who think that there is only one man in the world.

The old adage "there is as good fish in the seas as ever was caught" still bears truth in the realm of every day affairs. Sometimes the second love is the real one. At any rate no good is gained by grieving over a thing that is gone. As I have said before, there is nothing so dead as a dead love. You might as well try to revive ashes from which all spark is gone. And if there is anything distasteful to a man it is the attention of the woman whom he has ceased to love. Every move she makes in his direction is magnified. Better let him alone. If he truly loves he will return. If not, give him up and smile at others.

Newest Things in Science

Photomicrographs of crystallization forms of various chemical solutions have been used in Europe to provide new patterns for use in various arts and crafts.

* * *

There are twenty-six museums of safety and institutes for the study of industrial hygiene in the world, twenty-two in Europe, three in the United States, and one in Canada.

* * *

Rafts hinged to the sides of a lifeboat and which spread out when it is afloat to give additional buoyancy form a recently invented device for safety at sea.

* * *

A resident of Greenland has applied for a patent in that country upon a new dry process for recovering tanning extracts from the fruit of the dwarf-birch plant.

* * *

Breaking the glass in a new fire alarm box intended for hotel or office building rooms permits the alarm to be sounded and forms a fire escape rope and harness.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"NOW that Capt. Tynnefoyle has returned to camp you should bring up some nice young unmarried men to the house while Gladys Cackleberry is visiting us," suggested Mrs. Jarr.

"All the nice unmarried men have enlisted or have been drafted," replied Mr. Jarr. "I thought Miss Cackleberry didn't care for slackers?"

"She doesn't, but we should hear their side of the story first. I got a letter from Aunt Hetty at Hay Corners and she wrote that a young man down that way walked ninety miles to the nearest camp to enlist, and he was rejected because he was told he had flat feet and wouldn't be able to march five miles."

"But why should this Cackleberry girl want me to bring her vampire fodder in the shape of young unmarried men, when she is engaged to Capt. Tynnefoyle, and you and she are so dreadfully excited lest designing females lure him from his plighted troth?"

"It's a different matter altogether," explained Mrs. Jarr. "Gladys doesn't want to lose her fiance—that is, give another girl an opportunity of luring him. But she can't be expected to be a recluse herself simply because she is engaged."

"Well, really, I don't know any young unmarried men," persisted Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, you do. You used to have a whole lot of your bachelor companions come to the house when we were first married," said Mrs. Jarr.

"You chased all that bunch away, you know you did. You said they were too wild for me, now that I was married," sighed Mr. Jarr. "Only bachelor I know except Jack Silver, who is afraid as death of flappers, is Johnson, down at the office, and Johnson's engaged"—

"We have nothing to do with his being engaged. We will not be supposed to know that unless he informs us himself," interjected Mrs. Jarr. "One might think that poor Gladys wanted to take another girl's fiance away from her. Does a Captain in the army make more money than Mr. Johnson does as cashier at your office? Has Johnson any money saved, say in Liberty Bonds?"

"He's bought a lot of Liberty Bonds," replied Mr. Jarr. "He took charge of the quota bought at our office, and he bought bond for bond with the rest of them."

"Then a patriotic single man like that should be appreciated," said Mrs. Jarr; "bring him up."

"Am I to be matrimonial recruiting sergeant for that Cackleberry girl?" asked Mr. Jarr ruefully. "I don't like her. She's overdressed, she makes up as though all the world was a stage, she is fresh and forward and slangy"—

"She's an up-to-date girl, and not a dowdy, if you mean that," Mrs. Jarr replied.

"He won't come," said Mr. Jarr. "He knows the Cackleberry girls. I happened to tell him Gladys was visiting us, and he commenced to tell me how different his fiancee was from the kind of girls that's going these days, and what war work she was doing to make the soldiers happy and comfortable."

"Isn't Gladys Cackleberry doing everything she can to make a soldier happy and comfortable?" Mrs. Jarr retorted.

"Well, Johnson won't come, I know that," Mr. Jarr persisted. "But there's Jack Silver and Dr. Gilbert Gumm, the young dentist. Gumm isn't married or engaged. He'll come; he's always gunning for new business."

"He'll do," said Mrs. Jarr. "They say he goes everywhere in society. When people find they have thirteen for dinner they send for Dr. Gumm. He always comes, even if he's telephoned for the last minute at his boarding house."

"Yes, Dr. Gumm is always anxious to fill teeth, his own or anybody else's," said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, bring him up." Mrs. Jarr commanded. "I'll have him look at the children's teeth and mine while he's here. He can't very well charge for looking at them. Why should I put myself out entertaining young men on Gladys Cackleberry's account and not get any good out of it?"

Evidence of New Copper Field in Canada.

INDICATIONS of the presence of copper deposits over a large district in Northern Canada have of late attracted attention. Study of specimens has given rise to the belief that the geological formation is similar to that of the Lake Superior region, renowned for its highly productive mines, says Popular Mechanics. The new area lies east of Great Bear Lake and seems to follow the course of the Copper Mine River, which discharges into Coronation Gulf. Reports of evidences of copper have come from points as far east as Bathurst Inlet, and also from Victoria Island. The possibility of there being a great copper field somewhere in the region seems strong.

Women in War

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 12.—LYDIA DARRAGH, the Quaker Who Saved Washington's Army.

SHE was a meek little Quakeress, in a dove-colored dress and with a timid manner. Her name was Lydia Darragh. She ran a lodging house in Philadelphia during the Revolution.

She began life as Lydia Barrington, an Irish girl. At Dublin she met William Darragh, a Quaker, who converted her to his creed, married her and brought her to Philadelphia.

In the early winter of 1777 the British were masters of the Quaker City. Gen. Washington and his starving patriot army were encamped not far away.

The British commander, Gen. Howe, planned to strike a surprise blow at the weak and unprepared little American Army and destroy it. He went about his arrangements with the utmost secrecy, for he knew the expedition's success depended wholly on its unexpectedness.

Howe's Adjutant General had rooms in Lydia Darragh's house. On the afternoon of Dec. 2, 1777, the Adjutant General sent for Mrs. Darragh and ordered that every light be out and every member of the household be in bed by 8 o'clock that evening.

Meekly, Lydia curtseyed and promised his commands should be obeyed. But inwardly she was afire with curiosity.

She put out the lights and sent every one to bed at 8. Then she took off her own shoes and crept into the upper hallway to listen.

Quaker Girl Spies on Officers.

Presently men began to enter the house. They came one by one and tiptoed to the Adjutant General's rooms. As the door opened to receive them Lydia could see they were British officers of high rank. Gen. Howe was among them.

When the buzz of low-pitched voices warned her that the conference had begun Lydia glided noiselessly to the Adjutant General's door and looked through the keyhole.

Howe and his officers were grouped around a map that was spread out on the table. The General was giving directions for a sortie from the city on the night of Dec. 4.

Under cover of darkness a strong force of British regulars were to advance to White Marsh, eight miles away, where Washington was encamped. At dawn of Dec. 5 they were to surround and crush the sleeping patriot army.

Lydia Darragh heard every word. Then, as the conference was about to break up, she sped silently back to her own room. A few minutes later there was a knock at her door. She made no answer.

"All right!" she heard the Adjutant General whisper to some one. "She is sound asleep. Every one is asleep."

At sunrise the Adjutant General was awakened by Lydia Darragh, who was clamoring outside his rooms like a fussy hen. She told him there was not a spoonful of flour left in the house and that none of her neighbors would lend her any. She begged him to give her a pass through the British lines, so that she could go out to the mill at Frankfort and buy a sackful.

The pass was readily granted. Lydia set out for the mill. But she did not stop there. Hurrying on through the snow, she made her way to White Marsh.

Carries the Word of Warning.

At the edge of the American camp she met her old neighbor, Lieut. Col. Craig of Washington's staff. To him she told what she had heard the night before. Then she went back to the mill, got her flour and returned home.

Stealthily the British set out the next night to crush the unsuspecting Americans. As they neared Washington's camp they were greeted by a storm of artillery fire and musketry that smashed their ranks and sent them helterskelter back to Philadelphia. The expedition was a failure. Worse—it was a rout.

"We were betrayed!" shouted Howe as he stamped into Lydia Darragh's house on his return. "He was prepared for us. Some one betrayed my plan!"

Lydia listened in pious horror to the string of oaths that accompanied this angry speech. Lieut. Col. Craig, in later days, wrote to her:

"You have saved the army, and you shall not be forgotten so long as liberty endures!"

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

THIS is the time of year when a careless man is constantly mislaying his heart and fancying that he has "lost" it.

If silk is really going to be cheaper than cotton or wool, a woman will at last have the delightful sensation of satisfying her vanity and her conscience at the same time.

When a woman loses control of her motor car it usually runs into a fence or a policeman; but when she loses control of her husband he always runs straight into another woman's arms.

A man may be able to talk intelligently about a lot of things that his wife doesn't understand, but it takes a woman to talk brilliantly about a lot of things that she doesn't understand herself.

Wild oats and rice powder are two kinds of grainstuffs on which a lot of us could Hooverize just now with telling effect.

Platonic love may not be practicable per se, but as a submarine base from which to work toward a flirtation or a love affair it is without an equal.

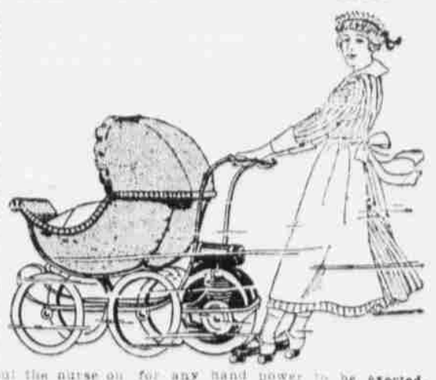
A girl's greatest problem is how to acquire enough knowledge and experience to be able to appear as simple and unsophisticated as a man expects her to be.

Once upon a time the supreme sacrifice consisted in giving up a luxurious home for the sake of love in a cottage; but nowadays a girl's ultimate proof of devotion consists in giving up a nice, fat job for the sake of love—and burnt lamb chops—in a kitchenette apartment.

A man is as fat as he looks; a woman is as fat as she feels that she looks.

Motor and Roller Skates for the Nurse

THIS invention of a Texas merchant is a new idea to all of us. Nurses, mothers, even the younger brother who has his Saturday holiday spoiled by being compelled to wheel baby sister in the park, will appreciate this application, comments the Illustrated World.



The idea is to equip an ordinary baby carriage with a motor wheel, run the control to the handle of the carriage, put the nurse on for any hand power to be exerted, roller skates and baby and nurse are off for the afternoon for a pleasant saunter in the park. It is not necessary that he or she hold on and steer, as that is required of the baby tender is required of the baby tender.